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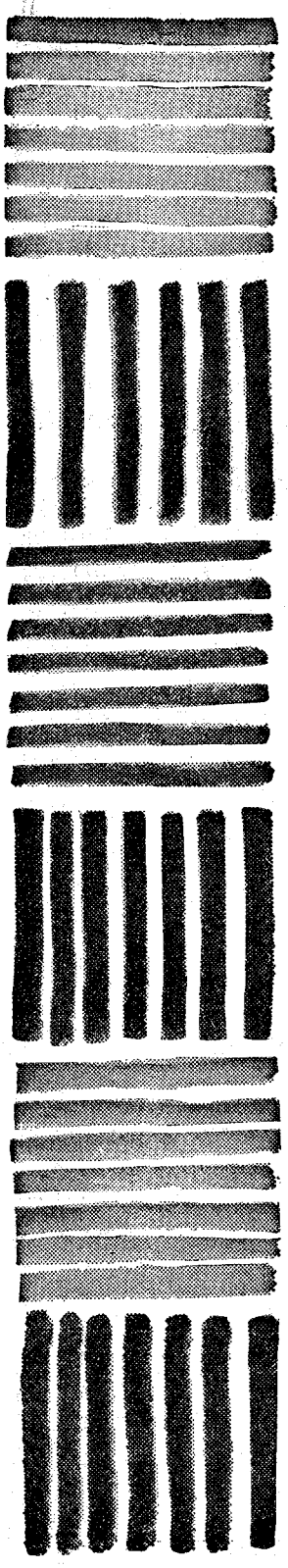

Labor Market

Curious Quest For Womanpower

Nancy Reeves

Bartolomeo Vanzetti

LAST LETTERS HOME

THE ASPIRIN JUNGLE

Brian Inglis

FRANCE'S BAN-THE-BOMBERS

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LETTERS

Idealogues' retreat?

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: In your March 23 issue, Messrs. Rousseas and Farganis ["Retreat of the Idealists"] criticize views which they attribute to Dan Bell and myself. They state their case well. . . . I would, however, like to comment on the following. Rousseas and Farganis agree that "There can be little doubt that most of their arguments on the decline, if not the end, of ideology as an operative force in the Western world are valid." What they question is the presumed fact that we approve of the situation, that we do not like ideological politics and, therefore, supposedly rejoice over its decline. May I call attention to the following from my work, *Political Man*, from which all their quotes come:

> The controversies about cultural creativity and conformity reflect the general trend . . . away from ideology toward sociology. . . . It may seem curious, therefore, for a sociologist to end on a note of concern about this trend. But I believe that there is still a real need for political analysis, ideology, and controversy within the world community, if not within the Western democracies. (Anchor Edition, p. 453.)

Or in the introduction:

> Stable nonideological welfare democracies face the problem that they may no longer possess the internal leftist dynamism to counter the forces endemic in all stratified societies to cumulate advantages for the "have" groups. . . . Perhaps the one group sensitive to the injustices of stratification that retains weapons to activate opposition to them is the intellectuals. Since many of them remain motivated to be "political men" even after the "end of ideology," they bear a heavy responsibility to keep democracy representative as well as free. (P. xxxiv.)

There is a second criticism in the Rousseas-Farganis article which applies solely to my writings, and that is that by stating democracy "is the good society itself in operation," I project, in their words, "an ideology of political complacency for the justification of things as they are, and the celebration of modern society as a going concern." I question their deduction. My argument basically is that in any undemocratic society, the ruling strata will be able to maintain and extend their unequal share of the good things of the society. May I, therefore, cite myself once more:

> [While] a system of stratification . . . is inherent in the nature of any complex social system, such inequality is basically punitive and discriminatory. . . . And since I feel that inequality though inevitable is *immoral*, I support all measures that would serve to reduce its extent, or that would bring the utopian goals of "equality of status and of opportunity" closer to reality. . . .
>
> I know of no means to do so which are superior to or even approach the method of conflict. The only groups which have an "interest" to modify and reduce inequality are the underprivileged. But the underprivileged can impress their concerns on the social system only in a polity in which they are free to organize in unions, parties, co-operatives, and the like. *The only effective restraint on the power of the dominant class is counter-power.* . . . The primary weapons of the lower strata of the exploited classes, are the ability to organize, to strike, to demonstrate, and to vote rulers out of office. In any given society at any given time in history, the lower classes may not use these weapons effectively, they may not recognize their interests, but there is no other way. (Pp. xxii-xxiii; emphasis in the original.)

I fear that when Messrs. Rousseas and Farganis see in my defense of democracy a justification of the *status quo*, it is because they have a private image of the way in which society can advance more rapidly without the constraints of democratic procedures. And where we really differ is that I would see any such efforts as leading inevitably to the "even more intensive forms of exploitation and tyranny characteristic of the 'New Class'" (xxxi).

S. M. Lipset
Director, Institute of International Studies, University of California

New York

Dear Sirs: Mr. Lipset makes the point that we have "presumed" that he and Daniel Bell do not like ideological politics. He then takes the liberty of quoting himself extensively to prove that we are in error. We remain unconvinced. If Mr. Lipset argues, as he does, that democracy *is* the good society, and if by democracy he means, as he does, peaceful conflict resolution and the pragmatic counter-balancing of interests, is it a *presumption* on our part to conclude that democracy for him is equated with the good which, in turn, is equated with non-ideological politics? Can Mr. Lipset pose as an intellectual critic of the society which he has already affirmed as "good?" Can he be serious in his expressed concern about the drift from "ideology" to "scientific sociology?" Can he have it both ways? We are at a loss to understand why his writings do not manifest this concern but, on the contrary, contribute to its further

(Continued on page 93)

THE NATION

Saturday, August 24, 1963
Volume 197, No. 5

In this issue

EDITORIALS
81

ARTICLES
83 The Aspirin Jungle
Brian Inglis
86 Bartolomeo Vanzetti: Last Letters Home
Introduction and Translation by Norman Thomas di Giovanni
89 Curious Quest for Woman-Power
Nancy Reeves
91 France's Ban-the-Bombers
Stephanie Gervis

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
94 Nothing Wasted Except Lives
Christopher Sykes
95 Poet and Preceptor
Alexander Laing
96 Letter from Hamburg
Donald Richie
96 Lizard in the Sun (poem)
Stephen Stepanchev
97 Sonnet 4 (poem)
Robert Duncan
98 Theatre
Harold Clurman
98 The Power (poem)
Dilys Laing
99 Second Impressions
Robert M. Wallace
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 100)
Frank W. Lewis

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Where Democracy Ends

The United States, as every reader of the press is assured almost every day, is an almost perfect democracy and is at loggerheads with the Communist blocs because they are undemocratic. Furthermore—according to the accepted formula—the United States loves the lesser democracies of the world and constantly gives them aid and encouragement against the wicked dictators and totalitarians. So far, everything is simple, but then a complication emerges. The Government of the United States has bestowed loving largesse in armaments and cash, running into the billions, on personages like Trujillo, Chiang, Rhee, Batista, the presently beset Duvalier, and many others who, even to the patriotic American who would fain believe that his government can do no wrong, look like bloody dictators. If his memory spans a few years, moreover, he may be plagued by the recollection that the CIA engaged dictator Armas to overthrow the democratically elected Arbenz in Guatemala, and performed a similar operation on Mossadegh in Iran.

What, then, transforms dictators into democrats, and democrats into dictators, in the American lexicon? It is that which, in free-enterprise statecraft, counts more than constitutions and free elections—foreign investment. By our investments ye shall know them. This is presumably one of the secret functions of the CIA, with its huge secret funds and a secret personnel rumored to number about 53,000. The principle has been succinctly enunciated by three members of the Committee for the Alliance for Progress—David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan bank, Winston of National City, and Collado of Standard Oil. "Without overpowering political considerations," these well-informed gentlemen asseverate, "the United States would not lend money or make grants in countries which persist in policies which discourage private investment." They might have added that, where possible, overpowering political considerations will impel deterrent action in countries which not only discourage private investment, but appropriate the property of those American corporations which, trustingly and in good faith, have invested their hard-earned capital.

Of course this has been going on for many decades and far antedates the cold war. One has only to read the memoirs of Maj. Gen. Smedley Butler who, after an honorable career protecting U.S. investments by leading the Marines into defaulting Central American republics, came to the mourner's bench and told all. And it could go on indefinitely, were it not for the obloquy which has overtaken colonialism and, above all, the Bomb. Castro is a case in point. For all intents and purposes, Cuba was an American colony, and Castro took it away from us. Then, after some attempts at negotiation, he seized American investments. The State Department reacted in accordance with the time-honored formula.

According to the formula, it would be right and moral to rectify the expropriation by dropping a few small-caliber A-bombs on Castro's domain, but this would be so perilous that even the State Department, and two Presidents in succession, have refrained. Only now and then a Senator, reaching for Cuban headlines, cries for vengeance, either because he needs the votes or because contributors to his campaign chest are demanding help in recovering their losses.

The trouble is that they would lose still more in a nuclear war; in fact, they would lose everything, including themselves. Thus the Bomb has somewhat impaired the sacred primacy of investment. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, and Smedley Butler and the other repentant Marine, Evans F. Carlson, can rest quietly in their graves. In recognition of the facts, it might be well to relieve the State Department of the duty of protecting overseas investment and let the Commerce Department act as a collection agency when such funds are threatened. It is no immediate prospect, but strange things are happening these days.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

The next issue of *The Nation* will appear on Sept. 7, after which we resume normal weekly publication.

A Wrong Remedy

The Security Council's recent approval of a resolution barring the shipment of arms and ammunition to South Africa is no answer to the challenge posed by that country's maniacal pursuit of its apartheid policy. At best, it can provide a temporary respite. The chilling truth is, as Colin Legum implied in our August 10 issue, that a revolution of near-continental proportions is under way; Black Africa is determined that the South African regime shall be toppled, by force if necessary. Bloodshed on a scale that would constitute war by any standard is inevitable unless the UN takes more drastic action than it has so far shown any signs of doing.

Admittedly, remedies are not easy to come by. The South African Government obdurately refuses to recognize the UN's competence in the matter. The existence of three British protectorates (see "Enclaves of Trouble in South Africa," by Jack Halpern, July 27), and especially South Africa's mandate over Southwest Africa, complicate the situation. But whatever further steps the UN may have to take—economic sanctions, a

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naval blockade, the severing of diplomatic relations by member states—there is one step that has been urged upon the world body which should *not* be taken. To expel South Africa would do more harm than good.

Aside from the general principle that recalcitrance can be better dealt with from within than from without, expulsion would be especially undesirable in this case. South Africa holds the mandate over Southwest Africa, a matter of relevance to the Trusteeship Council. Charges that Pretoria has violated the terms of the mandate have been referred to the International Court of Justice, and a decision is expected in a matter of months. If South Africa is found guilty, the UN may want to assume the mandate itself. For the UN, at this point, to expel South Africa would be tantamount to defaulting on its trusteeship obligations. Nor should any attempt by South Africa voluntarily to "withdraw" from the UN be permitted to attenuate these obligations. A judge does not permit a trustee to escape his responsibilities by walking out of the court.

The Security Council's resolution gives Secretary-General U Thant until October 30 to report on developments. The UN must see to it that events in Africa do not outrun its plans to deal with them.

Prejudice for Export

Resolute exponents of the rights of individuals and the states, such as Senator Goldwater, have made much ado about Defense Secretary McNamara's instruction to military base commanders that, if approved in individual cases by the Secretary, commanders may declare off-limits establishments which discriminate against Negro soldiers. It seems that the Republic is going to the dogs when soldiers are ordered to stay away from a tavern in which Negroes are not allowed to drink with whites. What becomes of the right of the saloonkeeper to do as he will with his private property? Southern Senators, as well as the distinguished Senator from Arizona, may well shudder as they drink their mint juleps at home.

But if Senator Goldwater and his Southern colleagues are really so enamored of the prerogatives of private property, they ought to take a look at the behavior of many white GIs stationed in West Germany. There, bar and restaurant proprietors want to serve anyone, white, black or yellow, who can pay the bill; but, according to *Variety*, the GIs won't permit that. These proselyters for the Southern creed have established their own Jim Crow bars by force of their own fists. A Negro who dares enter a self-proclaimed "white" bar is thrown out — and often beaten up into the bargain. Race-conscious GIs have also beaten up African students who inadvertently entered bars or night spots reserved for white representatives of American culture.

There is something captivating about American soldiers, apostles of democracy, teaching racism to the Germans — and, in the bargain, violating the private-property rights which racist politicians at home cherish so dearly. It would take a Jonathan Swift to do justice to the theme, but *Variety* has made a good beginning — and furnished Secretary McNamara with still another problem.

Affluence, Ltd.

The scene is New York, but the same syndrome is appearing in other parts of the country. "City Seeks to Halt Slump in Building Construction," *The New York Times* headline reads (August 5) and mentions as one factor in the drop "evident overbuilding of luxury apartment buildings." The hard-pressed landlords and their renting agents are giving away everything but the buildings themselves; in another article (August 4) the *Times* lists free limousine transportation for prospective tenants, free parking of the tenant's own car or, if he has no car, the landlord will rent one for him during the summer months. Other inducements include payment of moving costs; free maid service two hours a day, three days a week; or free rent for periods ranging up to six months. All this generosity, of course, is impelled by fear of revenues lost through vacant space plus the pressure generated by lending institutions, which won't give the landlord the mortgage he needs unless his building is 75 per cent rented.

The situation is much the same in one-family housing. Juxtaposed in the previous week's real-estate section of the *Times* are two articles which the editor may not have intended to be complementary. As everyone in real estate knows, the suburban public is exceedingly bathroom-conscious; the time may be approaching when the bathrooms will supplant the living room as the principal attraction of the house. Already the suburban householder is not satisfied with ordinary American baths and showers; in addition, he must have a sauna bath, the famous Finnish institution which enabled the Finns to stand off the Russians so long in the war of 1939. In U.S. suburbia, it is used to ease the nerves of overburdened executives. The sauna is set at 200 degrees Fahrenheit but, since the heat is dry, the executive does not approach the boiling point. The price tag is $1,995 and up, and the houses are in the $50,000-$70,000 range.

In the other *Times* article, which deals with houses selling for a paltry $10,000 to $15,000, a disquieting note is also sounded. Federal Housing and Veterans Administration foreclosures, negligible in the forties and fifties—FHA had 120 foreclosures in 1948—are rising at a rate which is causing concern. A hundred thousand FHA foreclosures are expected in 1963. VA, which does not lend directly but guarantees loans by private agencies, had 21,860 foreclosures in 1962 and repossessed over 25,000 homes in the past two months alone, although so far most have been resold.

Affluence is too limited, it appears, in real estate as elsewhere.

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Sabotaging R&D

If there is anything sacred in the current business credo, it is research and development. R&D is the lifeblood of private enterprise, the defense bastion of the free world, the central nervous system of business. But when it comes to disbursing actual money for R&D on specific projects, it turns out that the only variety on whose beauty and virtue all can agree is aerospace and weapons research and the resulting applications. Most of the beauty, of course, comes from the fact that the government pays almost the entire bill and defense industry reaps the profit.

The Nation referred to this anomaly in an editorial, "The Two Economies," in the March 23 issue. Now the matter has been taken up at length by D. S. Greenberg in the June 28 *Science*, under the head, "Civilian Technology: Program to Boost Industrial Research Heavily Slashed in House."

In an effort to correct the existing imbalance between the military and the civilian sectors and to bring the benefits of R&D to all of industry, J. Herbert Holloman was appointed Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Science and Technology. Mr. Holloman is no impractical theorist; he used to be general manager of General Electric's general engineering laboratory. Holloman's solution for spreading around the benefits of research, and enabling U.S. industry to compete in production with our allies, was called Civilian Industrial Technology (CIT); he requested $7.4 million to put it into effect. The House cut this to $1 million and restricted it solely to the textile industry. Mind you, we are talking millions, not billions. One million is about what the United States spends for "defense" every ten minutes; what Holloman asked for is what "defense" costs every hour throughout the year.

The powerful organizations of business — the National Association of Manufacturers, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, and the innumerable trade associations and lobbies which watch over the interests of specific industries (actually the affluent members of those industries) — were as cool toward Holloman's proposals as was Congress. His argument had been that only the largest firms in the largest industries could afford to maintain the personnel and laboratories that lead to new products, new processes and improved productivity. He did not seem to realize that that was exactly what big business wanted. Are we to be taxed, its representatives asked, for the benefit of the "laggards" in our industry, those fly-by-nights whom we are going to buy out when we get ready? The idea of the government's promoting research in such fields as building, for instance, struck the representative of the structural clay products industry as coming "about as close to destruction of the free-enterprise concept as anything can get." And the building-trades union officials agreed with him.

Perhaps Mr. Holloman had better go to Switzerland, Sweden, Japan or West Germany where, as he pointed out when asking for his $7.4 million, a larger percentage of gross national product is spent on R&D that aids the civilian economy than is allocated here.

THE ASPIRIN JUNGLE . . . . . Brian Inglis

London

For many years the British have watched sardonically the developments across the Atlantic of the Over-Medicated Society. In the 1920s, the stock picture here of an American was of an exuberantly, almost painfully healthy man addicted only to horn-rimmed glasses (worn less for myopia than to hint at intellectual capacity underlying the brawn). He is still thought of as a size or two larger than Europeans; but it is assumed here that in every All-American there is an analysand trying to get out. For his peace of mind and body, he needs to carry with him a medicine chest full of tranquilizers and pep pills, inhalants and antacids—and they are for use when he is well, or at least on his feet. What will be put into him when he is actually sick beggars speculation.

But the British are just beginning to realize that this is their image, too, as the *Punch* cartoon on the next page shows. Two years ago, the term "side effect" was unknown here, outside the medical profession—and not all that well known inside it. Doctors were still insisting that such reactions were caused not by the drugs, but by the patient, who was told he was "hypersensitive" or "allergic" and left to believe it was his fault that all his hair had fallen out, or his face had begun to resemble a shriveled Twelfth Night balloon.

Dependence on drugs is no new phenomenon in Britain; all classes have long taken for granted that pills and potions are inseparable from health, as well as from sickness. Countless millions of citizens, under the impression that their bowel movements must at all costs be kept regular, have taken pills to keep them regular from cradle to grave; and any doctor who tries to tell his patients that they should learn to do without the mixture that has always been prescribed for them still runs the risk of offending them. And almost the first American book I can remember reading, Ernest Thompson Seton's *Rolf in the Woods* (are Seton's works still in print, there with you?) described how the callow city youth, out on his first canoe expedition to the wilds, eventually plucked up the courage to tip the several medicines that his mother had sent with him overboard: squills, apoldeldoc and all the rest.

In those days, however, drugs were harmless enough, for good or ill. Most of their benefit was peace

Brian Inglis, former editor of The Spectator *and author of several books on medical subjects, is now working on a history of medicine.*

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of mind—not to be scoffed at, now that we know so much more about the mind's influence over the body: placebo-effect of this kind can be valuable. The real difference today is not so much that more drugs are consumed (though they are), but that they are vastly more powerful. The full implications of that power are only now coming to be understood.

For a brief honeymoon period in the early 1950s, after the new antibiotics had been gleefully paired off with the bacteria that they were designed to subdue, doctors believed that their new weapon could be applied selectively, discriminatingly, against disease. The body would provide the battlefield, and perhaps occasionally suffer indirectly from the conflict waged over it, but ordinarily it would not be directly affected by the drug. The consequences of some of the sulfa drugs first jolted this belief; the thalidomide affair showed it to be an illusion; and in the eighteen months since the effects of thalidomide on the foetus were first exposed, a dozen or more drugs have come under suspicion of causing destructive and sometimes lethal disorders. Almost all modern drugs, too, have predictable minor but uncomfortable side effects—a notion now so well established that one enterprising manufacturer here is actually advertising a drug designed to cure the disorders caused by other drugs.

The medical profession once used to boast of adherence to the maxim, "at least, do no harm"; now, it accepts and tries to justify these side effects' existence as an inevitable concomitant of therapeutic advance. In the great majority of cases, they are not. The most deplorable example, probably, concerns the antibiotic chloramphenicol, which for the last few years has headed the list of drugs that kill patients by inducing blood disorders. Chloramphenicol, marketed under the brand name Chloromycetin, is still outstandingly the best antibiotic for use in typhoid cases; but typhoid, as the recent publicity given to the Zermatt epidemic indirectly showed, is no longer a common disease, at least in the developed countries.

Nor, in Britain at least, are there many cases of Rocky Mountain fever, or of psittacosis, the only other disorders for which it is seriously claimed that chloramphenicol is invaluable. Yet Chloromycetin has continued to be sold here as a "broad spectrum," general-purpose antibiotic; the manufacturers, Parke Davis, have continued to advertise it for that purpose; and medical journals—though their articles have been warning that Chloromycetin should never be prescribed except for typhoid—have continued to accept those advertisements. The company's advertising of Chloromycetin has not, admittedly, been so grossly distorted here as it has been, to judge by the Kefauver report, in the United States; but to realize that physicians are still using it for general purposes is not pleasant.

Punch

"Drugs, side-effects, more drugs, more side-effects — couldn't I go back to the original cold?"

The realization that many of today's drugs are dangerous has put the medical profession in an unfortunate predicament. Because it does not want to lose the confidence of the public, it has discouraged any vigorous campaign in the lay press against excessive reliance on drugs. But this only means that the public continues to demand drugs; and doctors, themselves dependent on prescribing drugs as the only standard form of treatment, try to conceal their deficiencies.

Often a doctor will not admit even to himself, still less to his patients, that symptoms have arisen not from the disease, but from the attempt to cure it. In any case, many of these iatrogenic disorders are never traced to their real cause, because they do not arise until weeks or even years after the drug has been administered. It is quite possible that many people now lie under a suspended death sentence from drugs consumed in the past. Recently the drug Imferon, used against anemia, was found to cause tumors in animals after a latent period of nine months—the equivalent of twenty years in the human life span. The fact that it causes tumors in animals does not, admittedly, necessarily mean it will have the same effect on humans; but at least it should provide a salutary warning. Yet even after Imferon's effect on animals had become known, the manufacturers continued to advertise it for anemic pregnant mothers.

If drugs were used only against diseases caused by infections and contagions, the risk might be justified. But since the war the belief has grown that for disorders of every kind there is an appropriate drug—or, more often, several rival brands, all claiming to be appropriate. They have come to be used extensively against the degenerative disorders of the digestive, circulatory and respiratory systems. A few have a limited palliative effect, but the therapeutic value of the majority has been grossly exaggerated. The classic example was cortisone, for a while ecstatically hailed as the answer to rheumatoid arthritis. Eventually, the Medical Research Council in Britain, after a thorough investigation, reported that its introduction had "not ma-

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terially affected the prognosis of patients developing rheumatoid arthritis" and suggested that "in the long-term management of the disease, medication with aspirin is more often likely to prove satisfactory." Aspirin at least did not (except in a handful of cases) have cortisone's ugly side effects, ranging from nausea, headaches and acne to the growth of facial hair in women, and to insanity.

What was found to be true of cortisone is also true of most of the drugs that have since been marketed for the treatment of other degenerative disorders. A few weeks ago, a leading article in the *British Medical Journal* virtually dismissed all the treatments that have been tried out recently for stomach ulcers—drugs and operations alike—as futile. Last summer, too, at the annual conference of the British Medical Association, doctors roundly condemned the use of anticoagulants in arteriosclerosis. Enormous sums had been spent here on research and treatment with anticoagulants, with occasional triumphant reports of their success; but careful trials in Denmark have revealed that their effect on the disease, as manifested in the mortality, "is very slight or nil." As for drugs used against high blood pressure, a *BMJ* article on the subject shortly afterwards was even more scathing. In the course of his career, Dr. William Evans of the London Hospital wrote, he had seen no fewer than fifty-eight of them put on the market. The earlier ones, he said, had done no good, but at least they did no harm; but latterly the more potent drugs produced uncomfortable and often distressing side effects, including conjunctivitis, muscular pain, skin eruptions, swelling of joints, agitation and depressive psychosis. These drugs, he asserted, had no effect on the cause of hypertension; and it was time their use was discontinued. Needless to say, it has not been discontinued.

The use of drugs to combat neurotic and stress disorders has been as extensive, and even more wasteful; notably Meprobamate, better known here as Equanil and in the United States as Miltown. A few years ago a clinical trial was held in London to test five drugs, all of which had some reputation as tension-reducers; as a check, a sixth pill was also given, a placebo made of an inert substance. Neither the patients nor the doctors knew which pill was which. When the results were compared, the only pill which could be claimed as having a significantly tranquilizing effect was a barbiturate, one of the old-fashioned sedatives which the profession was anxious to discard, for various reasons—not least being that it causes depression and sometimes encourages suicides as well as providing an easy way to commit them. The so-called "tranquilizers," including Miltown, gave no better results than the placebo pill. Tranquilizers, by implication, owe their success to placebo effect—or, at least, they cannot improve on it. What doctors and patients have believed they owe to the march of science has been faith healing.

Most drugs on the market today are of no more value than placebos; those that are more valuable are dangerous, and their successors are likely to become even more so. The reasons for this closely parallel those which were given by Rachel Carson, in her *Silent Spring,* to explain the calamitous results of indiscriminate use of pesticides. Microbes, like insects, are part of the evolutionary pattern. When subjected to some catastrophic inundation with chemicals, they may be wiped out; but, as a rule, a few survive, to breed resistant strains. "The drug-resistant staphylococcus," as Dr. Robert Moser put it in his *Diseases of Medical Progress,* "has risen as a grotesque spectre to haunt physicians throughout the world. It is indeed a modern plague, largely of our own creation." What is really required in these circumstances is a different kind of treatment, biological rather than chemical, taking the evolutionary aspect into account, and realizing that germs and viruses, like most insects, are not necessarily harmful; they can be persuaded to lead innocuous lives if ways are found to keep them contented—but under control. Attempts to poison them off merely make them more vicious.

It is consequently futile to continue to hope, as the medical profession, lulled by the manufacturers, still does, that new drugs will solve the problems presented by the failure of the old. Temporarily, they may—it takes staphylococci some little time to acquire resistance to any new antibiotic. But the risks are formidable. When thalidomide was found to have teratogenic effects (the ability to produce malformations), the initial assumption was that this was a freak. Yet eighteen months later, a leader in the *Lancet* was admitting that "With our present knowledge, it would be hard to refute the hypothesis that all drugs of therapeutic value are potentially toxic to the embryo of some animal, if the right conditions of timing and dosage can be achieved. Indeed, some teratologists would not entirely oppose the view that a drug is either a teratogen or a placebo." A similar thesis could be put forward about drugs and adults: every drug is either potentially toxic to some humans, or a placebo. And as we still do not know the full extent of the hazards, every new molecular permutation of the antibiotic structure constitutes a new risk.

Nor is it possible, at this point, to go back to the old and tried medicines of the past. "Where," a correspondent in the *British Medical Journal* asked sadly a few months ago, "are the drugs of yesteryear?" The answer is that they are out of production, either because the development of resistant strains of virus has rendered them useless, or because they have been shown to owe their reputation to the enthusiasm of the prescribers and the faith of the patients (placebo effect). Some distinguished medical writers have argued that virtually all treatment with drugs until the mid-1930s was placebo-based; and once a drug has been exposed as a placebo it cannot be revived, as the quality which made it work — belief in its powers — has been lost.

The only solution is for doctors to begin to relearn their trade; to cease dispensing drugs, and instead to dispense *with* drugs. This is going to be exceedingly difficult. The public has become accustomed to thinking of illness as something that has to be treated by the ingestion of some active substance into the body. How this is achieved varies according to the national taste: the British used to like to take their drugs out of medicine

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bottles, but now prefer pills; the French rely on suppositories; and the Italians do not feel they are getting the real thing unless it is injected. (A friend of mine in the diplomatic service insists that if he wakes up in hospital afflicted with amnesia following a motor accident, he will at least know which part of Europe he is in by the part of the anatomy through which drugs have been given to him.)

The *Punch* cartoon patient, wanting back his cold, may perhaps signify the beginnings of a new attitude of mind; but if it does, what will happen to the doctors themselves? They, too, by habit and training, are dependent on drugs. For their own peace of mind, they feel they must give something; and if they can't give drugs, what on earth can they do? The answer, briefly, is that the medical profession needs to take another look at what illness is for. It is an evolutionary mechanism, designed to promote the survival of the fittest. In the old days, the mechanism worked indiscriminately and inefficiently—as it still does in many underdeveloped countries, with their plagues. In civilized countries, though, infectious diseases are largely under control, leaving very different kinds of illness—notably the neuroses, the psychoses, and the disorders caused by the degenerative processes and by stress. Illness in such circumstances reflects a need, as Paracelsus realized in the fifteenth century. What the doctor must begin to ask is not "What caused this illness?" but "What are these symptoms trying to tell me?"

Drugs will still be needed, for Zermatt-type epidemics or where an ordinary illness, like influenza, goes over the top, as it can sometimes do, into pneumonia: in short, for real emergencies. But the profession will have to find some means to wean itself and the public from dependence on drugs for ordinary occasions, or, very soon, it will lose the public's confidence—as, indeed, it has already begun to do, to judge by the startling development of unorthodox medical practices in many parts of the world.

Bartolomeo Vanzetti

LAST LETTERS HOME

These six letters, in English translation, are the last that Vanzetti wrote to his family in Italy during the seven and a half weeks before his life, and Sacco's, were taken on August 23, 1927. They are the culmination of a long flow of letters Vanzetti began sending to his native town of Villafalletto in the north of Italy twenty-six years earlier, when at the age of thirteen he was sent to work in a pastry shop in a nearby city. Some hundred-odd of these letters, a large part of them written before his imprisonment, were published a year ago in Italy under the watchful eye of Vanzetti's surviving sister, Vincenzina; like almost everything else Vanzetti put his hand to, the collection is extraordinary.

The following letters are printed whole (the ellipses in the last letter are Vanzetti's), translated from photocopies of the original manuscripts. There has been no attempt to make them uniform, for nothing was more unlike Vanzetti than uniformity. He dated his manuscripts in both English and Italian style, with sometimes the name of the month in English, sometimes not, and used English rules of capitalization throughout. But in Italian he did not make the colossal number of minor mistakes he made in his newly learned language, for Vanzetti's Italian was very good. Three of these letters bear the imprint of a prison stamp which reads: DO NOT BRING ANY PARCELS/THEY WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. YOU MAY/SEND MONEY WITH WHICH INMATE/MAY PURCHASE DESIRED ARTICLES. *The others, as is the case with the bulk of Vanzetti's production, were smuggled out of prison by members of the defense committee or the defense lawyers.*

There is a postscript to these last letters home. Luigina Vanzetti visited her brother a few days before the execution, and in one of the last notes Vanzetti wrote, he told her: ". . . what joy seeing you again and hearing your sweet words of love and encouragement. But I believe it has been a terrible mistake having made you cross the ocean to see me here. You cannot understand how much I suffer seeing you witness my agony and seeing you compelled to live the suffering which I must confront."

Norman Thomas di Giovanni

[*Mr. di Giovanni, translator of Italian and Spanish poetry, has been studying some 2,000 pages of Sacco-Vanzetti mss. on a Rabinowitz Foundation grant.*]

July 1, 1927

Dearest Sister:—

Last night we were taken from the county jail at Dedham and brought to the State Prison in Charlestown, where I was before.

On June 28th Governor Fuller postponed the date of the execution for a month—that is, to August 10th; with the result that we believed we were to remain in Dedham until August 1st, and we are left surprised and amazed by the sudden transfer.

I have not yet seen the lawyer and therefore do not know the reasons for this transfer or who requested it. I cannot tell you anything certain about it. But the fact remains that the date of the execution was postponed to August 10th.

Very probably Mr. Thompson will come today, and perhaps he will be able to explain things to me.

I am quite well and am calm, and confident in the future.

That's why I pray you all to be calm, have courage and take care of yourselves.

Kisses and greetings to Father, Cenzina, the Aunts, and yourself.

Your affectionate brother,

Bartolomeo Vanzetti

July 14, 1927.
Box 100, Charlestown,
Mass.

Dearest Sister.

Your letter of last May was de-

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livered to me only a few days ago; but I have received and answered your later letters. Together with yours I received a letter from the good Elvira Fantini, with photographs of her two girls enclosed. She begs me to answer her; but since my letters here are limited and my time even more so, I beg you to write her for me; tell her that her letter gave me great pleasure, that I am cheered by the photographs of the children. Tell her that I always remember the old times together in good company and that I remember Olga so well that I can't think of her, Elvira, without seeing her in my memory with Olga in her arms. Tell her also to write me and that I'm expecting the promised photographs of her and Pietro, and that if possible I'll write her a long letter. Address:

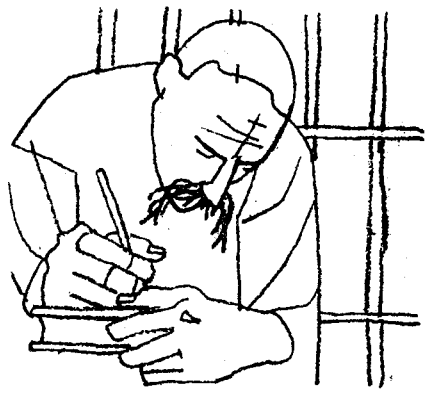
M. Pietro Isaia
Plateao du Piol, Maison Bergia
A. p. M. Nice
France.

I have arranged for the photograph that you want and I give you my word it will be sent you.

With regard to the case I can tell you very little. The 1st of July, at midnight, the maliciousness of the Dedham sheriff carried us off secretly to Charlestown. The Governor says he knew nothing about it. It is certain that he gave us a postponement in time to allow us to remain in Dedham another month; but in his orders he did not specify it and so they brought us here. I am inclined to believe that he knew nothing about it and that it was not he who ordered our transfer; but I have been deceived so much and treated so badly by so many people that I can no longer think well of any of the authorities of this State. He, the Governor, has given orders to let us have a daily walk, even the other two prisoners condemned to death, Madeiros and Jemzium—this is something never done before. This morning we will take our first walk.

Last week we were interviewed by the commission of inquiry composed of Prof. Lowell, President of Harvard University; Prof. Stratton, President of the Mass. Institute of Technology; and Judge George Grant. The first two are great scholars, men of mind and heart, who would not give an adverse judgment for any motive other than their sincere conviction of our guilt. Of this I have no fear. They were very courteous; they openly approved almost all my arguments and even my means of judging and my expounded ideas; but Judge Grant gave me the impression of not wanting to understand the evidence favorable to us and of being unfriendly to us because of differences of ideas and sentiments, and of having taken a stand in favor of our enemies. Thayer especially, whom he resembles so much. Later, they questioned even Madeiros. The Governor is coming to see us too; but I don't know when.

What he will do, because after all, everything depends now on him, the Governor, I cannot tell and I have little faith. One thing alone I know and it is that if with all the true proofs favorable to us and the few false ones against us, he should send us to death, he too would be nothing more or less than a murderer—like the others. Those who



know him say that he is honest, sincere and courageous. I do not know him and I have no wish to believe him bad. And if he is good and courageous, he will have no desire to murder me and punish me for two crimes for which I have demonstrated my innocence and the prosecution has never demonstrated the probability of a single possible guilt of mine; and he will have the courage to disobey our powerful enemies and give us justice: this I know; but not what he will do. That's why I cannot tell you more about the outlook or about what will happen.

I am quite well in health and apart from the rules of the place, I am treated well here; I am able to write many letters; buy extra food; and Rosi comes to visit us three or four times a week. The people outside are doing all they can. That is why we have not lost courage but are in good spirits. Many kisses to father, to Cenzina, Ettore and you. I embrace you all. Your brother,

Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

19 July 1927.

Dearest Luigina:—

Yesterday Aldino, of the Committee, and Mr. Thompson came to see me. I asked the former to send a telegram to Giacomo Caldera, for you. If it was done, it is not necessary to repeat its contents.

I thought, for a time, that the evidence of the case and the universal protest at the death sentence might have induced the Gov. to want to see, to understand and to grant us reparation. I believed that the truth would leap to the eyes of anyone who was named to the commission of inquiry—provided that he wanted to see and understand.

Instead, for all the little I've been given to know, I understand that as much as the Gov., the commission does not want to or cannot, or both, see and understand. That one of the members, Judge Grant, is hostile to us, having made up his mind beforehand, assuring and reassuring the Gov. of being impartial in order to be able, by that false declaration, to be named to the commission and give an opinion against us, and to influence the other members to do likewise. This has been proved. The other two illustrious members of the commission are certainly better and superior to Grant, and yet their interview assured me that they had not apprehended the most obvious viciousness and injustices of the trial from their reading of the transcript and the other documents.

The commission insulted and mistreated the truthful defense witnesses because an American friend of theirs lied twice about a fact affirmed by them. It is true that finally it was discovered, through the work of Thompson, that the American had lied twice and the three defense witnesses, professional men and Italians, had told the truth—but meanwhile, the fact reveals the commission's inclinations. In other words, they do not want or are not able to believe the defense witnesses.

This is the reason I have begun a hunger strike and have sent for you, you or Vincenzina. Anyhow, all of you try to be calm and strong. Just last night I received your letter of June 3rd, from which I understand that on that day you did not

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know we had been secretly carried off at midnight of the 30th of June to the State Prison at Charlestown. (You must have been mistaken in the date and put June in place of July, because on June 3rd you could not have known that Branting brought me flowers June 11th—and also because the postmark on the envelope bears the date 5 July 1927.)

Well, in that cowardly nocturnal kidnapping, Branting's flowers were left behind in my cell in Dedham and they went astray. They are those blue flowers that grow in the wheatfields and that are picked by us with the "madone" and other flowers to scatter on the roads on Corpus Domini day. Drying out, they change color, and have petals so narrow and fringed that they can't be dried the way some others can. By now you will also have learned that Branting proclaimed us innocent. The 500,000 signatures are a small fraction of the total received by the Gov., and are only those which had been sent to the Committee by the signers and received before the 23rd of June. One French newspaper alone, "Le Soir," collected two million signatures. Calculating not the number of signatures, or of petitions, but the number of persons represented in many single petitions, I believe the Gov. has been petitioned by some 50,000,000 persons.

I was glad to hear about Bernardino Somà, of his progress in sculpture, of his good memory of me, and of his intention to do my portrait in marble. Tell him that I am very grateful to him for all and glad to have his friendship, and give him my most cordial greetings.

Yes, the picture postcards and the petals are for you. I sent them on because the two cards bring back two magnificent scenes and the petals are from the most beautiful dahlias I have ever seen—from the marvelous garden of the Jack family; and what fruit they brought us from their great orchard. Again, be of good cheer. I kiss and embrace you all.

Your affectionate brother,
Bartolomeo Vanzetti

24 July 1927.

Dear Family:

I have had to write all day preparing a memorandum of what I want to say to the Governor tomorrow. He interviewed me Saturday and left saying he would return that evening; but he did not return and I expect him tomorrow.

Meanwhile, I am tired and for that reason I will be brief. I am quite well and my fast does not cause me any pain or suffering, except, of course, weakness; I do not even feel hunger.

Things appear to be much better now, the lawyers tell me. They have always been optimistic. Nevertheless, I have too much experience to count further on talk, on gossip, on appearances. This thing is so clear and scandalous that if they wanted to understand it they would free us at once and say no more. Instead it seems that they cannot and do not want to understand or trust the clearest and most imperative evidence. This is why I do not let myself be deceived. If good comes, so much the better, but I see nothing that leads me to believe it will be so. Meanwhile, be strong and calm and keep up your courage. Who knows? while there's life, there's hope.

With great affection I kiss and embrace you all.

Your son and brother,
Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

28 July 1927.

Dear Family:

I assure you that my fast brings me no physical pain—except weakness. Yesterday I saw the lawyer and a comrade, and I dictated to a stenographer a letter to the Governor on the case.

Mr. Thompson, our comrades, and our friends are all working day and night, feverishly, intensely, to save us. I have spoken twice to the Governor, for an hour and a half each time. He seemed much better than I had imagined him; a sincere, honest and well-intentioned man according to his own way of seeing and thinking. It is certain that if he believes us guilty, he is a man who will reconfirm the death sentence. I cannot understand how he could consider us guilty with all the evidence we have in our favor. But my fear is that he does not believe our witnesses, who are for the most part Italians, and that he lets himself be won over by the fact that our two juries are, up to now, convinced of our guilt. I am also afraid that he may not succeed in unraveling and understanding the vast tangled mass of the record and the other legal documents of the case, the viciousness, the injustices and the hostility of the judge and of the district attorney against us.

At any rate it seems that things are taking a better turn and our lawyers and friends are much more encouraged and confident in these last few days than in the past. The Governor said that I made a good impression on him and he likes me very much.

I am told that he and the commission will announce their decision next Saturday and you will learn about it before receiving this.

At any rate, be calm and have courage.

Your affectionate brother kisses and embraces you with all his heart.

Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

August 4, 1927.

Vanzetti Family.
Villafalletto
Italy. Province of Cuneo.

My dear Family:—

I have learned that Luigina has embarked at Le Havre for America. I am quite well; I am calm and prepared for all events. Be strong, all of you, too.

This evening we will know the Governor's decision.

Whatever it may be, the defense and our friends will continue to do all that the situation will allow done to defend us.

I swear you my complete innocence in these or in any other crimes. Do not be ashamed of me. The day will come when my life will be known for what it is, and then whoever has the name of Vanzetti will be glad and proud of his name. Already all those who know me, love and respect me. . . . I have written my tombstone with twenty years of life dedicated to justice and freedom for all. And if I must die because of the supreme injustice of men and of things, you can be sure that none of my enemies will be mourned the way I will be mourned.

But I do not want those who are dear to me to cry for me. I want them to be serene and strong and to carry on my life's work for me. I want you all to sing rather than weep for me, and let me live in your hearts, which must be steady, brave and joyful—for the joy of Life.

I shall fight to the last to win. So keep up your courage.

I embrace all of you with the heart of a son and a brother.

Your son and brother,
Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

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Curious Quest for Womanpower... Nancy Reeves

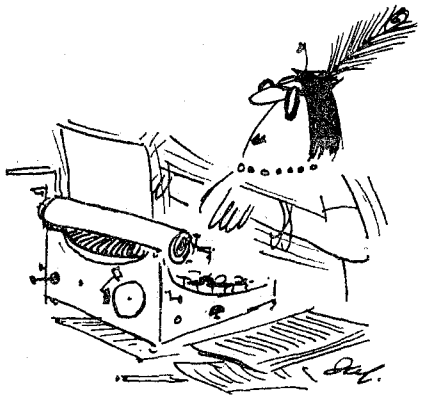
When womanpower is in demand on the labor market, Rosie the Riveter is glorified. In slack times, she is reminded of her manifest destiny. Today, however, we have a curious paradox. Although the headlines read, "Joblessness Called U.S. Top Problem," women are being treated with labor-shortage enlightenment. The following are indications of the trend:

Item: Establishment of a President's Commission on the Status of Women, charged with analyzing barriers that prevent a greater utilization of womanpower. (Asked whether he had any objection to helping women to be employed when there are unemployed men, Mr. Kennedy replied, "I think the way to [meet the problem of unemployment] is not to attempt to deprive women of the chance to work and contribute, but to try to expand the opportunity generally in the economy.")

Item: A series of regional conferences on the employment problems of working women sponsored by the Women's Bureau to "stimulate interest in the welfare of working women" and "action toward solving some of their employment problems." (At one such conference held in Michigan, former Governor John B. Swainson said he doubted that women work merely because of the desire to have a second car or another fur coat. "The primary motive for working wives is economic—the lower the husband's income, the greater the percentage of working wives.")

Item: Conference on Employment Opportunities for Women addressed by Vice President Johnson, Secretary of Labor Wirtz and Attorney General Kennedy.

Item: Passage of equal-pay bills by the House and by the Senate, without fireworks. (One long-time advocate remarked: "After being treated like a joke for 17 years, I suddenly find I'm fashionable." On the other hand, *Insider's Newsletter* reports the bill as "weak and ineffective," covering no more than one-



third of the country's 24 million women workers.)

Item: Unprecedented interest in minimum wage (a matter of major significance to women, since upwards of 5 million earn less than $1 an hour).

Item: Liberal comments from conservative sources. (At the annual management conference of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, one speaker predicted that more and more managerial positions would be awarded to women. "The pay differential between male and female employees continues to narrow," he said, "and the male ego is gradually accepting the female boss." And in a series of Sunday editorials, the *Los Angeles Times* emphasized that "womanpower must be utilized to maintain growth.")

While such widespread enlightenment is welcome, the concentration on womanpower expansion in a time of labor-force contraction has an ominous quality. A statement by Arthur Goldberg, when he was Secretary of Labor, is not reassuring: "And the question does arise: are women displacing men? Is this desirable? First of all, our statistics show that a great majority of the women in the working force are in the working force because they *have* to be. Women are heads of families. Women live alone. *And then, during the period of unemployment of men, women who do not normally choose to work are required to work because their husbands are unemployed and the job opportunities that are available are only available to women.*" (Emphasis added.)

Pursuing this line of thought, one finds the highest proportion of working wives (40 per cent) in families with unemployed husbands; in some depressed areas (with 6 per cent or more overall unemployment), female labor has risen significantly. Such a trend goes counter to traditional patterns of American society and reminds one uneasily of the "she-towns" of the nineteenth century which also grew out of a technological leap. Then, too, men were unemployed and industry put out the "women wanted" sign. An 1893 newspaper item reads:

> *A singularity that is met with in the factory towns of Maine, is a class of men who may be rightly called housekeepers. Anyone visiting some of these workers' homes shortly after the noon hour, will find the men, wearing an apron, washing dishes. At other hours of the day they may be seen making the beds, dressing the children, scrubbing or cooking. . . .*

The official position, stated to allay public fears, has been that there is no competition for jobs between men and women because they do not perform the same tasks. This assumes clear and final categories of "men's" and "women's" jobs when, in point of fact, the pattern of jobs by sex is fortuitous and transitory. In the old-time office, "typewriters" were always male, and before World War II, welding was a "man's job." When men first entered the textile industry, they were met with derision. It is only recently that the assembly of precision-electronic equipment has become "women's work." Further, huge areas of American manufacture are being converted from blue-collar to white-collar production. In this process, some "men's jobs," as they are mechanized and require less skill or less brawn, may become "women's jobs." All of which suggests that women's jobs, unlike women, are made, not born.

A study by the American Management Association entitled, "Are Women Workers Unpredictable?" tells us more. The survey found "the majority of women workers in both office and factory — have no burning desire for promotion." Men workers, on the other

Nancy Reeves is a member of the bar in New York and California. She has written widely on the status of women, including an essay in the collection, American Labor in Midpassage *(Monthly Review Press).*

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hand, are reported to be "generally more interested in job security, advancement and benefits." And, to the woman worker, "pleasant work associates" are "more important than pay."

She is also less interested in unions, to cite David Dubinsky: "Eighty per cent of our members are women, but we have only one woman vice president. Can we be charged with discrimination against women? No." The reason offered? Most women members are married and want to be home with their families, while men are willing to work long hours in union activity. (This seems to malign the many women who do "work long hours in union activity," but it does reflect prevailing attitudes.)

And women fade into the landscape when not needed, according to an analysis of the National Manpower Council, which reports:

> *The significance of this group of women workers [over thirty-five and not primary breadwinners] in the kind of manpower situation facing us over the next decade is fairly apparent. While the prospects are for a substantial rise in national economic output and a correspondingly growing demand for manpower over the decade as a whole, the rise will undoubtedly be interrupted by brief recessions of greater or lesser depth, at intervals of from two to five years. These recessions inevitably require laying off some personnel over a rather wide sector of industry, as the recent and current reductions in work force amply testify. However, if employers will fill their future needs for additional manpower to the maximum possible extent by employing women— especially older women—the ill effects of laying off personnel during future periods of recession will be substantially modified. . . . If business becomes slack and they are placed on layoff status, they . . . withdraw from the labor market and go back to full-time homemaking.*

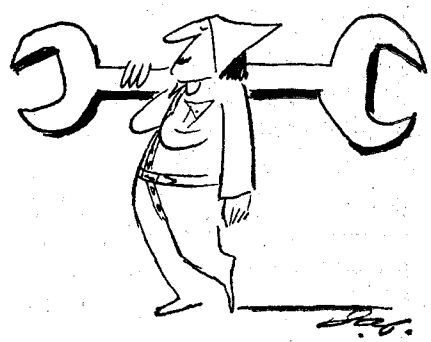
Still another reason why employers are discovering women's virtues may lie in the fact that one-third of the female labor force functions part-time. Such employees are available at "overtime" hours on a straight-pay basis; they may not work enough to accumulate much leave or other benefits, and they are probably more difficult to unionize because of their variable schedules. But even this convenient situation has been improved upon. A few large agencies have established chains of employment offices to supply part-time workers on short notice. The new feature is that the agency, not the hiring company, is the employer. By this device, the company is relieved of the extra cost of advertising and processing, as well as of the obligation for hospitalization, insurance, pension and welfare payments, holidays and sick leaves. According to a *Fortune* article describing the arrangement, "The employee, in effect, surrenders fringe benefits for the freedom that goes with temporary assignments."

At this point, one begins to wonder whether the current ballyhoo is really directed at manpower *expansion*, or whether manpower *substitution* is being contrived.

But even if we stipulate that today's promoters of womanpower are sincere, that they are genuinely devoted to the stated goal, is not expansion a curious objective in the face of the looming problem of automation? President Kennedy has said that the direction of our efforts must be to try to expand opportunity "rather than squeezing the labor force." Compare Donald N. Michael (*Cybernation: the Silent Conquest*): "In twenty years, other things being equal, most of the routine blue-collar and white-collar tasks that can be done by cybernation will be." Who, then, is squeezing the labor force?

The argument of the Administration, as evidenced in many speeches, is that, with the growth of population, there will be more need for people, especially in the woman-employing service industries. But what of self-service? And what about automatic elevators, which displaced 40,000 operators in New York alone? Or changes in the telephone company which accomplished a 50 per cent increase in volume of calls with a 10 per cent increase in personnel? Or the electronic salesgirl that R. H. Macy is reported to be trying out? "This machine is smart enough to dispense thirty-six different items in ten separate styles and sizes. It accepts one- and five-dollar bills in addition to coins, and returns the correct change plus rejecting counterfeit currency."

Clerical and kindred work, women's chief occupation in terms of number, engages some 6,697,000 women. What happens to them when the typewriter that one can give letters to—skipping the whole process of the secretary—comes into general use? In 1950, the Census Bureau used 4,100 statisticians to do the work accomplished by fifty in 1960. In the words of Robert Hutchins, "The relentless advance of automation means that one thing is sure: a smaller and smaller proportion of the population is going to be able to find work." Then what is this talk about "manpower expansion" and the need for "womanpower?"



The real immediate trends are:

a) for highest unemployment to occur in blue-collar industries, especially construction, agriculture, mining, automobile and primary metals, which are largely hirers of men;
b) for some major women-employing industries, such as services and retail trade, to be less subject to dramatic changes;
c) for women to be increasingly employed in industries converting from blue- to white-collar production;
d) for more and more women to enter the labor force;
e) for both blue- and white-collar work part-time;
f) for more and more families to depend in whole or in part on women's earnings, particularly when the men are unemployed.

The real long-term trends are:

a) for both blue- and white-collar industries to be automated;
b) for the entire work force to be contracted.

Official policy plays the "three monkeys" game with respect to both these trends. It either disregards them or sounds a pious note of faith in the future. This is not surprising when one considers the distance between our social fantasies and the technological realities. Politicians are not among our most sophisticated analysts. Their designs, their vocabularies, even their

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reveries, stem from the long distant past.

But it is quite another matter for liberals to rejoice because there is "progress" in women's employment today. True, brave words and some deeds make it appear that goals sought through years of struggle have finally been achieved. The difficulty is that yesterday's slogans do not necessarily spell advance in today's world. They may be illusive. They may be exploited for regressive ends. They may be irrelevant. We cannot afford to be too ingenuous when faced with a won war.

What is it that the many come to praise in the woman at work? They praise her docility. They praise her naïveté. They praise her availability. They praise her disappearance into the kitchen when they no longer need her. They may mean women are attractive employees because they make 60 per cent of the income of men; they may mean women are grand because they work part-time and won't build up too much seniority or fringe benefits; they may mean let's employ the women because when they're unemployed they won't rate so much insurance (since their wages were low) and anyhow, if they're married, we can say they're not eligible because they've become homemakers. (Let them prove the contrary.) They may mean let's keep women employed when the men are laid off, then we won't have to carry the families on relief. They may even mean let's keep the women working until we figure out what else to do (and, boys, make it sound good). It's time to wonder whether they have come to bury woman . . . and not at all to praise her.

Labor unions have traditionally concentrated their efforts on the blue-collar worker. Even when it was clear that white-collar-employing industries were growing at the expense of the blue collar, their thinking and planning harked back to another age. And even when they woke from their long institutional sleep and began belatedly to search out the white-collar workers, they made no adjustment in their programs to the fact that the largest contingent of that group were women. It is perhaps too late to censure them. They cannot any longer stem the tide by simple union organization. But they, and other groups concerned with the welfare of people at work, do have a new responsibility to match a developing and creative technology with a developing and creative society. To do this we must design with imagination against a background of reality. It cannot be done by hailing women's "progress" and overlooking the drift toward "she-towns."

Bernard Shaw has written: "There are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it." In that context, it is clear that women in America today have yet to experience the second tragedy.

FRANCE'S BAN-THE-BOMBERS

Stephanie Gervis

Paris

Nuclear disarmament is finally showing signs of becoming a political issue in France.

Until last March, French opposition to nuclear arms was limited to relatively ineffective pacifist groups like Action Civique Non-Violente (similar to America's Committee for Non-Violent Action), weak in this Catholic country because it relies on a Protestant ethic; the Communist-led Mouvement de la Paix, the French branch of the Moscow-centered World Peace Council; consolidations of these groups like the old Federation contre l'Armement Atomique; and the Association for General Disarmament and Social Progress, which is dedicated to the study of the general policy problems of disarmament. At last, in March, two months after the press conference at which General de Gaulle declared his intention to go ahead with an independent French nuclear force, voices from the non-Communist Left began to declare themselves, too.

But the voices were late and not quite in harmony with one another. Not one group, but two—the Ligue Nationale contre la Force de Frappe and the Mouvement contre l'Armement Atomique (MCAA)—were announced. They have many of the same names on their lists of sponsors, but pursue quite different policies. In fact, their greatest similarity, beyond their mutual opposition to the *force de frappe*, is that they are both far more political than either the British or American peace groups and their ultimate aims reach far beyond banning the bomb. For, as Claude Bourdet, leader of the MCAA, noted in a recent issue of *Peace News*, in France "the bomb is not so much seen as an instrument for war as an instrument of political power." Both groups, convinced that de Gaulle is using the *force de frappe* to strengthen his political hand internationally and domestically, are determined to use it to take the game away from him altogether.

The first of the two new peace associations to announce itself to the public was the Ligue. Its figurehead is Jules Moch, a right-wing Socialist (SFIO) Deputy and former Minister of the Interior. The Ligue's membership runs the gamut from the Center-Left Radicals and SFIO Socialists, who back NATO and the American bomb, to the Communists, who back the Warsaw Pact and the Russian bomb. Its official policy is limited to opposition to the French bomb, since anything more comprehensive would upset its precarious political balance. Preservation of this balance is apparently as central to the Ligue as its opposition to the bomb. For, while the Ligue was formed officially to oppose de Gaulle's nuclear policy and its statutes limit its life to the achievement of this specific aim, its ultimate goal appears to be a realignment of French politics. In this long-range perspective, anti-bomb sentiment (which both groups say represents a majority in France) can serve as a galvanizing force that might eventually unite Socialists and Communists in a coalition strong enough to wrest power from

Stephanie Gervis is an American newspaper editor who has written extensively on various aspects of the world peace movement.

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de Gaulle and his UNR party. The Ligue itself seems to be working to bring together the personalities who might effect such a coalition.

The two immediate goals that preoccupy the Ligue, according to Paul Kleijel-Valrymont, one of its leaders, are: (1) to unify all opponents of the *force de frappe* through the organization of local groups; and (2) to build the anti-*force de frappe* movement into a force larger than the UNR. One of the Ligue's basic strategies is to appeal to the spirit of the French Resistance and to engage as many of its veterans as possible.

But because the Ligue is dedicated to the delicate task of welding together a new united front, the question of its overall structure is, according to Kleijel-Valrymont, a "complex" one that has "not yet been decided." Very few, if any, local groups have been formed, and very few, if any, "propaganda" efforts like posters or rallies or marches have yet been undertaken. Bourdet has described the Ligue as "more of a committee of personages, of intellectuals and politicians, and so on, than a movement of militants."

Others, both Communists and non-Communists, go further than that. The Ligue, they say, is basically a ploy by the genuine Khrushchev enthusiasts in the French Communist Party. The French Communists' long-range strategy is regarded in many quarters here to be the formation of a united front through a coalition with the right-wing Socialists (SFIO). And *Voie Communiste*, the newspaper of the moderately pro-Chinese minority within the French Communist Party, has alleged that the Khrushchevites decided to strengthen their hand in this intra-party struggle by building the first bridgehead in SFIO territory and then claiming credit for establishing a basis for an alliance with the Socialists. This bridgehead, according to *Voie Communiste*, is the Ligue, with Jules Moch as its titular head.

Whether or not this is the case, the Ligue's determination to welcome both Communists and non-Communists has already proved to be an obstacle to decisive official action. A striking example of this was its inability to participate in the Etats-Generaux, an anti-*force de frappe* mass meeting held in the Paris Municipal Stadium in May. The meeting was held under the aegis of the Mouvement de la Paix, but nearly every segment of the French peace movement was officially represented, including the MCAA. The Ligue, however, was not, because the SFIO forbade its leading members to lend their support to a Communist-initiated rally. As a result, Pierre Villon, a leader of the French Communist Party, quit the Ligue.

The MCAA held its inaugural press conference on March 15, just four days after that of the Ligue. It regards itself as "a little to the Left of SANE"—more like Britain's Committee for Nuclear Disarmament. In addition to opposition to all bombs, its policy includes the advocacy of disengagement by both sides in the cold war. France, it feels, should either withdraw from NATO completely or, if it must remain a member, advocate disengagement within the ranks of the Western alliance.

The MCAA was formed by Paris Municipal Councillor Claude Bourdet, former editor of *France-Observateur* and a founder of the Parti Socialist Unifie (PSU), France's left-wing group formed by independent Socialists who had supported the Algerians and the left wing of the SFIO. Having attended an international conference of non-aligned peace movements in England, Bourdet decided, on his return home, that France needed a peace group. Initially he sought a merger of his own followers with those of the newly formed Ligue. The merger proved impossible to consummate, however; the political make-up of the Ligue and its exclusive concentration on the French bomb, and the MCAA's insistence on opposing all bombs and on pressing a policy of disengagement on both the NATO and Warsaw Pact countries, precluded any likelihood of genuine consolidation. However, both organizations agree that, whenever possible, they will cooperate with each other and with the rest of the peace movement in demonstrations, marches and the like.

These forms of action, as well as the distribution of peace literature and posters and—most important—the formation of local chapters, are included in the MCAA program. Bourdet estimates the MCAA locals at thirty, of which ten or twelve he counts as "properly functioning with fifty to a hundred members each." Much of the MCAA's organizational success in the provinces is due to the official endorsement it has received from the PSU. Bourdet also claims strong but unofficial support from the Communist-dominated General Confederation of Workers and from the Catholic Federation of Christian Workers, both of which have come out officially against the *force de frappe*.

The MCAA, like the Ligue, is quite genuinely dedicated to its primary aim of getting rid of nuclear arms. But it, too, has long-range political objectives. Indeed, as Bourdet himself put it, his group has "a greater political focus than the peace movement in the United States." He does not see the French peace movement itself as the form of a new united front, but, like Kleijel-Valrymont, he feels that opposition to the *force de frappe* can serve as a cause around which the forces of the Left can rally and on the basis of which they can appeal to the French public. Moreover, he sees the nuclear issue as the central one on which de Gaulle must stand or fall. "You can't get the regime's mind off the *force de frappe*," Bourdet observed. "The Algerian War was a sideline, but this is central policy and the basis of de Gaulle's military policy in connection with the Germans. Everything culminates in terms of the military. When

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we fight against the atom force we fight against the system."

Bourdet's strategy is to unite the forces of the Left—the trade unions, the students and, eventually, the political parties—not into a single organization, but behind a single cause. The role of the MCAA at this writing appears to be to sound the call, to provide the literature, to spread the gospel of peace and disarmament and to act as a liaison and a continuing point of reference. In fact, Bourdet regards the National Union of French Students, which has the respect of both the trade unions and the left-wing political parties, as potentially a more effective catalyst than his own group. He feels that if the students can be won over to whole-hearted participation, they, in turn can win over the unions, and that once the unions are in, the parties will follow. If this chain reaction can begin working effectively over the summer, Bourdet expects that an anti-nuclear-arms march will be staged in the fall. Up to now, however, the signs have not been encouraging.

Part of the problem is that not everybody on the Left is convinced that the *force de frappe* is such a bad thing. In fact, the reason Bourdet resigned as co-editor of the left-Socialist weekly *France-Observateur* is that its other editor, Giles Martinet, who also belongs to the PSU, had taken the line that if other nations have the bomb, why shouldn't France? The French Left, then, is split between those who refuse to oppose the American bomb, those who refuse to oppose the Russian bomb, those who insist on opposing all bombs, and those who feel that if there are to be American and Russian bombs there should also be a French bomb.

Another aspect of the Left's problem, and a major reason for its delayed reaction to the *force de frappe* and the arms race in general, is its Algerian War hangover. Until the peace treaty of Evian les Bains, liberal forces in France had been fully concentrated on the achievement of Algerian independence. It was not until de Gaulle had finally brought about Algeria's independence that his opponents on the Left, allied with him on the Algerian question, were free to oppose him. But by then the Left was so demoralized by its own inability to deliver on its promise of Algeria for the Algerians, and by the fact that it had taken a political conservative finally to do the job, that it was in no shape to launch a vigorous campaign against the *force de frappe*.

In view of all this it is heartening to note, as this is written, that the Ligue, MCAA, sundry Left parties plus trade unions and peace groups have set up a temporary committee to organize nationwide demonstrations this fall against the bomb and for disarmament.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

development. Indeed, his major works are singularly devoid of any structural criticism of the basic values and institutions of a democratic society in a changing world. . . .

Furthermore, we find it rather strange that an author should quote himself out of context. The statement concerning the need for political analysis and ideology is from that part of his discussion in *Political Man* relating to underdeveloped countries. Here, Lipset argued that ideology and political analysis are functional in the "larger political struggle in the world." Or, more explicitly in Lipset's words, "This larger fight makes politics much more complex in the various underdeveloped countries than it appears within Western democracies. In *these* states there is still a need for intense political controversy and ideology." Stripped of issues in their own now tidied up back yards, the "ideologues," in other words, are forced and urged to focus their attention on this area. It is in this sense, then, that Lipset wrote (to use his own quotation) that there "is still a real need for political analysis within the world community, if not [sic!] within the Western democracies." We therefore cannot accept this particular quotation as a refutation of our charge.

Finally, and most importantly, there is his use of the notion of "counter-power" which he further elaborated upon in his "My View From Our Left," published in the Fall, 1962, issue of the Columbia U. *Forum*. This we contend is a *negative* approach to democracy and the good society much akin to John Kenneth Galbraith's theory of "countervailing power" — with all its attendant limitations. It is basically a conservative doctrine, or, at best, the doctrine of timorous liberals — which brings us to our "private image" of democracy.

For one thing, there are many private images of democracy, including Mr. Lipset's. There is no one definition of the term. Controversy in the scholarly journals abounds between "majoritarians" and "constitutionalists," and between those who view democracy as a "process" and those who view it as a normative system with a set of paramount ends to be achieved. This latter position is more prone than Mr. Lipset's to challenge existing institutional arrangements insofar as they are not consistent with, or act as a barrier to, the achievement of these goals. It is in keeping with the late Franz L. Neuman's view that "the consistent liberal is not, and cannot be, solely concerned [as Mr. Lipset appears to be] with the erection of fences around political power; [the liberal] is increasingly concerned with the potentialities of a rational use of political power." Mr. Lipset's view of democracy is essentially a middle-class one (as was pointed out by Messrs. Miller and Riessman in the September, 1961, issue of the *British Journal of Sociology*) which, in keeping with the interests of the middle class, insists on defining democracy, negatively, in terms of conflict resolution within the context of a checks-and-balances system; a system which is *presumed* to be self-regulating and self-equilibrating over the long run. Its emphasis is on the means, that is, on the methods for arriving at decisions. It has little, if anything, to say about the substance of those decisions. . . . It fails, in short, to address itself to the ends because it lacks any "vision" of the good society which transcends the *status quo*, and because of its unwillingness to consider the use of political power for the realization of any social goals which constitute a threat to the existing institutional arrangements. What we are concerned with is not so much the inevitability of tyranny, which Mr. Lipset obsessively identifies with positive government, as with the absence of creative leadership and the doubts we have about whither we are going.

We find it encouraging that Mr. Lipset should try to show, by the use of his self-quotations, that he is really on our side. And though not quite convinced, we welcome him aboard. We shall look forward to his future works with great anticipation.

Stephen Rousseas
James Farganis

Correction

Jack Halpern, author of "South Africa: Enclaves of Trouble" [July 27] calls attention to an error made in the editing of his manuscript. Where he had referred to American investments in South Africa as giving the United States a moral duty to take a stand on the policies of the Verwoerd regime, the printed text referred incorrectly to American investments in the three British protectorates which were the main subject of the article.—*Editors.*

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Nothing Wasted Except Lives

BONAPARTE IN EGYPT. By J. Christopher Herold. Harper & Row. 384 pp. $5.95.

Christopher Sykes

Life in the twentieth century should have cured men of the aptitude to admire dictators, but it remains a curious fact that Napoleon's glamour is little impaired by the ugly light that his modern imitators throw on his career, or by the ugly facts of that career which research has uncovered. J. Christopher Herold's main purpose in this book is not quite clear, but it seems to be to show that the Corsican ogre was an ogre, and moreover an ogre from the very beginning, before success had corrupted him. This is a strenuous effort to remove the glamour from the picture, but simple as the undertaking may appear as a proposition, it is not so in practice. The glamour of Napoleon is based on the fact that he had great genius, and atrocious as he was in action and character, the attraction of genius remains with him. He is not disposed of as easily as Hitler.

This abiding interest in Napoleon is for many at its highest in the record of his Egyptian campaign. It is the episode in his career least open to simple explanation, and so has the added attraction of mystery. Why was a French Army under his command sent to Egypt? No one will ever know for certain. The European empires in Africa and Asia were not yet established on a permanent basis; France had till very recently been England's formidable competitor in India; the opulence of the Moslem world was greatly overrated—all these incentives to a French Eastern campaign of conquest were there, but the reckless squandering of resources and men in Egypt and Syria by the Directoire remains a fantastic freak of history all the same. In relating this part of the story, its origins, Mr. Herold is very rewarding. He puts forward the possibilities, but he does not order us to accept one explanation. We are left with the impression that governments occasionally go mad, and that would seem to be the most important fact to bear in mind.

The brutality with which the campaign was conducted on both sides was utterly horrifying, and it was characteristic of Napoleon that he brought no diminution of this but rather an intensification, in keeping with his inhumanly ruthless notions of efficiency. Mr. Herold is sickened by the acts of barbarism which he is compelled to describe, but in his violent anti-Napoleon impetus, he puts no stress, as he ought to, on the fact that massacring tactics were common in the colonial wars of that time, and were a blot, a very black one, on general European ethics, but not peculiar to the French or Napoleon. It is true, however, that Napoleon's excesses, notably his infamous slaughter of prisoners at Jaffa, disgusted his own people. Napoleon could sink on occasion to the lowest level of Nazism.

Mr. Herold is right to bring moral indignation to his theme, and he is capable of the damning and telling phrase, as when he says of Napoleon, "there is nothing he ever wasted, except lives." Most unfortunately, this moral indignation too often degenerates into censoriousness, and Mr. Herold has frequent recourse to sarcasm without any awareness, it seems, that sarcasm is a weapon that is effective only when used sparingly. The writing is curiously uneven. The narrative line is strong and indeed compelling, and yet the author has spoiled his narration everywhere by smart little jokes, usually placed as bright afterthoughts at the end of paragraphs. How a writer of Mr. Herold's ability can give in to this silly tendency to facetiousness is beyond this reviewer's understanding. It may be symptomatic of what a reader can suspect: that, for all the many merits of this book, its author was never quite at home with his subject. His anti-Bonapartism is such that he almost ignores a primary (and pro-Napoleon) source, Berthier's first-hand account. This same lack of sympathy with his subject may explain why his aim is never quite clear, and why he indulges in wild statements, as when he describes Davout as "pathologically ambitious," a remark for which there seems no justification, and for which Mr. Herold gives none.

The book has a hero, and a very fine one too, Jean-Baptiste Kléber, Napoleon's unwilling successor as commander in chief. Mr. Herold is at home with him, because Kléber hated young General Bonaparte as much as he does. What Mr. Herold very interestingly and satisfyingly brings out is that Kléber had a really prophetic vision, and saw the falsity of imperialism at a time when imperialism was the flower of progress. Insofar as a French plan existed, which was not far at all, Egypt was to be to France what Algeria became, and Syria in the twentieth century would have become if French imperialism had had its way. France was spared her Egyptian mistake, not through Kléber's influence, indeed through a quite different process, but with results in keeping with Kléber's thought. There can be no doubt of Kléber's wisdom; it is almost proved by the remarkable fact that, although French rule in Egypt lasted so short a time that it is most conveniently counted in months, yet up to our own time the strongest outside influence on Egypt, especially as regards culture and administration, has been French. British influence never went so deep. The reason for this preference in favor of France is fairly clear: Napoleon's tyranny was so brief and distant that it was forgotten in Egypt, and in consequence, French influence in later years was not feared or resisted. Kléber was the most forcible of those who advised the French Government to get out. It did not make him popular, but he persisted in his advice until the day of his assassination. His death simplified things for Napoleon.

Mr. Herold takes the story beyond Napoleon's return to France and up to the establishment of the Consulate. Even Napoleon's enemies, then and now, usually have a good word for the years of consular rule, but Mr. Herold does not join in the praise. Certainly the Consulate ended badly and it has often occurred to this reviewer that the Egyptian campaign gives us the clue. Napoleon had deserted the army of Egypt, and that

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was bad enough; but he had in addition been acclaimed in France as a victor when in fact he had suffered a considerable defeat in Syria. None of this was calculated to make him popular with his abandoned troops in Cairo and Alexandria. During the Consulate those troops came home. The cat was out of the bag. Was that not the real and compelling circumstance that forced Napoleon to abandon his peaceful role and enter on a new cycle of distracting, dazzling and victorious wars?

Poet and Preceptor

DEAR PRECEPTOR. The Life and Times of Thomas Wentworth Higginson. By Anna Mary Wells. Houghton Mifflin Co. 363 pp. $6.

Alexander Laing

"But, will you be my Preceptor, Mr. Higginson?"

A title based upon this concluding phrase of Emily Dickinson's third letter to Thomas Wentworth Higginson intimates at the outset that Anna Mary Wells thinks her subject chiefly notable as the rescuer of the nineteenth century's most astonishing female poet. Time has abandoned her preceptor, a prolix man of letters, to the mournful mastications of literary scholarship. A quick worming through several of his multitudinous books discourages the notion of a possible revival. In an age that expected three-hour speeches and triple-decker novels, Colonel Higginson was more a conscientious publicist than a creative artist. What he wrote counts for less than what he did. Beginning as a preacher, he forced himself from the pulpit by insistent expression of liberal views. He helped fugitive slaves, conspired actively with John Brown, and rode into Kansas in bloody '56 with a Sharp's rifle to defend a money belt stuffed with sustenance for the Free State forces. Still nominally a clergyman, he recruited a regiment for the Civil War but gladly resigned as its colonel to take command of the first formally organized regiment of freed slaves.

Emily Dickinson's tiny sixth letter — "Did I displease you, Mr. Higginson? But wont you tell me how?" — reached him at the Port Royal front, from which he was invalided home.

Early and late, he campaigned for women's rights and for a native American literature. He spoke up quickly for Thoreau and for Whitman, but his own creative writing was stodgy. As Miss Wells declares, "the preservation of Emily Dickinson's poems for posterity was incomparably the most important literary work of Higginson's life." Therein lies both the justification and the dilemma of her book.

The other full biography, compiled fifty years ago by the Colonel's second wife, is an uncommonly good one of the wifely sort — not always factually precise, but much better than *Dear Preceptor* in presenting an exemplary liberal as a human individual. Its merit lies in its fulsome reliance upon direct quotations from Higginson's journals and letters. Miss Wells, wary perhaps of his prevailing garrulousness, hardly ever lets her subject speak for himself: a pity, because his hasty diary entries and letters are often as incisive as his formal writings are not. But Mary Thacher Higginson gave less than three pages to her husband's function as the fascinated, consciously inadequate preceptor selected sight-unseen by an absolute genius; and *Cheerful Yesterdays*, Higginson's own cluster of autobiographical pieces from the *Atlantic Monthly*, does not mention the poet at all. A new study of the relationship has been needed.

Exasperating crossrips of controversy have marked the slow emergence of Emily Dickinson's poems, few of which had been printed in their true forms before 1945, when hundreds were published for the first time. The scraps of information about the poet's life have been misused even more foolishly. It is the valid contribution of Higginson's new biographer that she has carefully questioned three easy assumptions: First, that it was the preceptor who discouraged a great poet from publishing during her own lifetime; second, that he counseled her to impose a formal correctness upon her wild verse; and third, that he was chiefly responsible for the crass "improvement" of some poems in the two posthumous volumes of which he was co-editor with Emily's neighbor, Mabel Loomis Todd.

On each point the evidence is flawed by the destruction of all but three of Higginson's responses to the seventy surviving letters from the poet to him. Some of her cryptic allusions to his own lost statements baffled even Higginson himself when he published in the *Atlantic* (October, 1891) a selection of eighteen of her letters and fifteen poems. But he was explicit on this point: "I soon abandoned all attempt to guide in the slightest degree this extraordinary nature, and simply accepted her confidences. . . ." More than ten years after her first letter she sent him the one-line, wistful note, "Could you teach me now?" There are plenty of hints in her letters that the impish spinster yearned for a semblance of male authority which, as artist, she sweetly ignored.

The preceptor saw his scholar only three times. The first, in the eighth year of their correspondence, produced the jotted notes that give us the greatest part of our knowledge of Emily Dickinson — excepting, of course, her poetry. Of the second he could not remember, when writing the *Atlantic* piece, that he had taken any notes; but his *Letters and Journals*

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A DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR BOOK

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(posthumous, 1921) includes an extract the gist of which Miss Wells quotes as from a letter to his sister. His third visit brought him to the side of Emily's coffin.

Considering the biographer's premise, a reviewer might expect the first and third of these occasions to be the climaxes of her book. Instead, the first is treated in four muted pages and the second in half as many. In both, the reluctance to quote Higginson himself seems a fault. The intense few lines in his diary, describing "that rare and strange creature," in her "restoration of youth" in death, emerge in pallid paraphrase.

Miss Wells has made a good case for each of her three main points as a revisionist of the Dickinsonian mythology. But in treating other aspects of Higginson's life she too steadily deprecates the importance of her subject. In an effort to get at his "times," she overindulges in name dropping, with little excuse established for bringing in the well-known names, and with only a tenuous family relationship for too many others. A more detailed monograph on the main business of *Dear Preceptor* would have been the better choice, but we can be grateful for the essential contribution of this volume.

LETTER from HAMBURG

Donald Richie

Germany's only major seaport, Hamburg is Germany's only cosmopolitan city. A great nineteenth-century town, filled with stone, steam, smoke and the cries of the great liners sailing through, it has a style of its own, something that divided Berlin, the new Americanized Frankfurt, complacent Düsseldorf lack. It is a city out of Dickens, as though designed by some blonde Piranesi, with massive smoke-grimed towers, ponderous bridges topped with allegorical reliefs and heavy enough to support the ships that sail beneath them, hundreds of churches, their steeples sharp as needles, and with grimly mannerist remains from the days of Wilhelm II, like the Rathaus, a compounded intricacy of spires and buttresses, filled with effigies of long-dead burghers and unfriendly, if mythical, animals. And, over all, clouds, rain, cold winds—even in August—smoke and fog.

It is an utterly bourgeois city, but so situated that sailors and travelers of the world must be welcomed, a bit frigidly perhaps but welcomed none the less. Hamburg is German enough so that there is always a slight sense of outrage in the streets when people with different skins and foreign tongues walk along them. English is commonly spoken in the city, but the inhabitants have the air of being besieged. From earliest times, travelers have mentioned, Hamburg was cosmopolitan in spite of itself.

Naturally, it is also thoroughly German. It is, for example, a city which eats, and where eating—as in inland Munich—is celebrated for its own sake. Hamburg too lives with its mouth. It eats *hühnersuppentopf mit spargel* and *kasseler kotelette auf weinkraut;* it is a city of mounds of pork chops, mountains of sausages, lakes of beer; where you must always ask that the whipped cream—clouds of it—be left off; and where, even so, it is impossible to get iced coffee without it. That characteristic gesture, putting a forkful or a fingerful into the mouth, is seen here as in that home of gluttony, Düsseldorf.

Perhaps it seems so characteristic, not because it is so common, but because it is so relished. The twinkle of the eye as the cheek rises, the sharp line of the masticating jaw, the pink tongue half-protruding in anticipation—all of this means delight. And the noises. The sucking of the Japanese and the grunts of the Italians seem merely utilitarian compared with the gasps, the little cries, the mutual assurances of how good it all is, between half-chewed bites: this is truly German.

Consequently, perhaps, the plumbing is stupendous. In no other country does the lavatory so impose its presence. It is solid, large—a thing: like a grand piano. Its strength is that of a mountain cataract, a geyser. It surprises, alarms, it is so monstrously efficient.

Beware these lands of the gleaming

Donald Richie, novelist and film critic, is now in Germany, having presented the Yasujiro Ozu Retrospective at the XIII Berlin Film Festival.

Lizard in the Sun

In this pointless, pin-point sun,
Where the Caribbean flames and heaves,
There is no saving illusion
Or interposition of dream
Between my eye and the black eye
Of the bumpy lizard on shale,
Masking, and failing to mask, as stone.

Eye to eye,
We leap from self to self,
Examining each other's darkness —
Both so still a fly
Could fall into incaution.

The Guatemalan noon
Tides over the oleander
And the swallow circling the cliff
And the steamship staining the sky
And the uncivil war's pocked marble,
Armless dolls, burned Cadillacs.

I confess it is my war.
I shot ten dozen glistening men:
I saw them clutch and stiffen
In the orgasm of death.

The terror of a million reptile years
Should drain all color from these palms!

I throw a twig
To break the chain of guilty eyes.
The lizard melts and runs,
Leaving only innocent stone
In the pointing, pointless sun.

Stephen Stepanchev

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plumbing. It means that such things are thought important. And that means that other things are often thought not. In a German city there is a convenience around every corner. That is so in Paris, too, but the difference is that in Germany a malfunction is not to be imagined, while in France those rusting tubs are mere affectionate reminders of the day when civic *ésprit*, in its last official appearance, first unveiled them.

In other cities such importance is not attached. An afternoon of torment awaits the unwary in Athens; in Tokyo, the problem never arises because there are trees and walls and the backs of parked autos.

The psychologist has a word for such preoccupations with food and its consequent disposal, and the analyst would be delighted to discover that it is not only the consumption that costs money. None of these facilities is free; twenty *pfennig* is the charge. A pay toilet is the Freudians' dream. The psychologists' word signifies a certain immaturity, and Germany is more that way than ever—a whole nation excessively concerned with its own body, a potentially infantile group of people.

And, like good children, they will do whatever they are told. Behavior at street corners, for example, often excites foreign comment. In Rome or in New York, jaywalking is so common that laws are passed against it. In Germany the unnecessary law is blindly observed. That little box that clicks and turns red is authority and, without exception, the crowd waits at the far side of an empty street until permitted to cross. When I, following my habits, illegally venture, no one follows. In Berlin a group of the waiting actually hissed me. In Hamburg no one hisses—that is one sign of its cosmopolitanism. Once I took the short train ride from Hamburg to Amsterdam and, in front of the station, the first thing I noticed, and it flooded my heart with light and relief, was that the Dutch *always* cross against the red.

Still — Hamburg *is* different from the rest of the country. For one thing, in this new system of city-states and duchies which is West Germany, it is the only city that does not emphasize its differences. In Bavaria —the Texas of Germany—there is a positive insistence upon *lederhosen*, and each little town almost angrily insists upon its peculiarity, its little speciality.

Hamburg, perhaps against its will, has had to join that great international confederacy of seaports which have no real nationality—New York, Rio de Janeiro, Shanghai. It may do this gracelessly, but it does it none the less. Among the consequences is that, though its urinals are large enough for clean horses to stale in, it has the best opera in Europe.

It also has more book shops, more parks, more movies where the films are not dubbed into German. The Norddeutscher Rundfunk is the best TV station in the country. Recently it braved considerable opposition to give, in prime program time, the complete *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* in the splendid Egon Monk production. It even went against official policy at the time of the Berlin wall to give Brecht's *Life of Galileo*. Not long ago it treated its solemn burghers to a showing (the first in Germany) of Luis Buñel's *Land Without Bread*. There are all sorts of complaints, and the enlightened state-controlled station continues to do just exactly what it wants.

One cannot imagine *Mahagonny* in Munich, just as you cannot imagine *Lulu* at the Prinzregenten—though it is standard repertory in Hamburg. It was a Hamburg publisher who had the nerve to brave law suits and bring out the German translation of Genet's *Our Lady of the Flowers*, and it was a Hamburg troupe that won its case when German courts accused *The Iceman Cometh* of being obscene.

Perhaps Hamburg is the new German city—its younger generation thinks so. I was lecturing on movies at the Hamburg University and at the invariable *Klatsch* afterward we talked entirely about Germany. One young man told me: "At least we no longer feel that we are merely Germans. We feel that we are north Europeans. We are citizens of Europe and ought to feel as much at home in London or Copenhagen as we do in Hamburg."

"Wouldn't you feel equally at home in Barcelona or Piraeus?" I asked.

"Oh, you're asking too much. You cannot understand what a big step it is for us to get away from Germany at all."

I said that Germany was very difficult for me to understand, but I thought that one of the problems of the young must be that the entire

Sonnet 4

He's given me his *thee* to keep,

secret, alone, in Love's name,
for what sake I have only in faith.

Where it is . . . How it is near . . . ?
I would recognize him by the way he walks.
But it is so long ago and I was never sure

except in his regard and then
sure as the rose scattering its petals to prepare is sure
for ripeness near to the perfection of the rose.

I would know the red *thee* of the enclosure
where thought too curls about, opens
out from, what's hid

until it falls away, all the profuse allusion let go,
the rose-hip persistence of the truth hid therein from me
enduring.

Robert Duncan

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world had agreed that their fathers were bad men.

"Well, they were, weren't they?" I was told. "But what has that to do with us?" This sensible remark was followed with: "Besides, the thing you first have to understand is that, though Germany may have a mouth—as you are fond of saying—it has no head. Imagine America without New York. Then Chicago and Boston and Los Angeles all become little self-sufficient centers. Without Berlin, without a great capital, you cannot have any proper goal, you cannot have responsible criticism, you cannot have even a responsible government. The country isn't whole any more. You might as well reproach Luxemburg as reproach Munich. So Liechtenstein has no culture—so neither does Düsseldorf. That's why we live from day to day—not only in Berlin, but all over Germany as well. And that's why people in our generation have to look outside—particularly in Hamburg, where we have a window."

Hamburg is a window in as well as out. The St. Pauli district, for example, is a caricature, but an accurate one, of all of Germany. It is one of the few great night towns left, and a walk on the Reeperbahn is the equivalent of the walking tour up the Rhine. Here is found that singular insistence upon the material, that continual preoccupation with the flesh, which is a symptom of Germany. Times Square and the old Alexanderplatz rolled into one, it is an Asakusa, a Coney Island which is for real. Rivers of schnaps, whole ranges of *würste*, and sex, sex, sex—Germany's great preoccupation. It isn't all strip tease, and barmaid-in-the-corner. Off Davidswache is the famous Herbertstr., a walled-off street, two blocks long, in which the girls sit in the windows of rather lovely nineteenth-century houses, and stare and are stared at—and the windows open for communication. Here of an evening what appear to be whole families flock—probably there would be children as well, except that *Durchgang für Jugendliche Verboten* is painted on the great wall. It and the Hagenbeck Zoo seem the great family attractions. They watch and titter and exclaim as hundreds of hungry-eyed young men roam the darkened streets and the police patrol pleasantly outside to pick up drunks.

It is Bosch's earthly paradise up to date. It is not particularly sinful (not as Macao is sinful) but it is so frankly and completely carnal, so utterly preoccupied with the flesh, that a connection with the cavernous restaurants of Munich, the Paris fashions of Düsseldorf's Königsallee, the vast drinking halls of Berlin, instantly suggests itself.

But at least it acknowledges—something that no other German city does. This naughty playground may caricature German appetites but it also quite honestly exhibits them. It is for these reasons that Hamburg is interesting. You don't have to like it, but it has all of the attraction of a half-opened door. It is the entrance to Germany in more ways than one, and despite its gruffness (the gruffness of the burgher aroused from solid sleep), despite its stone and noise and smoke, those great nineteenth-century snoring sounds which so distinguish the city, it is the Germany of the future. Those in can look out, and those outside can look in.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

San Francisco

While the new Minneapolis theatre looms, The Actor's Workshop of San Francisco has been digging from the ground up. For eleven years now the small band of fanatics led by two determined and knowledgeable college instructors — Jules Irving and Herbert Blau — have been struggling to create a Theatre in this city gaily indifferent to the art. I have the impression that they have succeeded.

The statement is tentative because I have seen too little of the Workshop's program to pronounce a firm judgment. But observing the company at rehearsals of Genet's *The Balcony* and seeing its production of Brecht's *Galileo,* I am impressed by the freedom, intelligence, ability and security of the company as a whole. These people know what they want; their commitment is not transient. They are here to stay.

The Workshop operates two theatres. One is a 660-seat house on the second floor of the Marines' Memorial Club (actually a hotel); the other, seating about 140, is a former night club below street level. The larger theatre is occasionally rented out for meetings and entertainments of various sorts, and the Workshop staff is frequently obliged to remove its scenery and props to make way for these occasions.

The two theatres, small though they are, are more than the company began with. The early days were given over to little essays in a tiny studio which Irving and Blau rented to conduct their first experiments. The possession (on a rental basis) of the present quarters is the "monumental" sign of the company's increasing growth and prosperity. For only in the past two seasons have the company's efforts been rewarded by the Ford Foundation's attention and funds.

The first sum of money was granted the Workshop with the stipulation that professional actors be brought in from New York. Last year the Workshop was permitted to use the Foundation funds as the theatre's directors saw fit — that is, to develop and retain their own resident company. Now the organization is sufficiently established and solvent (on an extremely modest basis) to contemplate the purchase of a house of its own. A theatre — at present devoted to burlesque — has been chosen and a cash offer made.

The history of the Actor's Workshop is being written by Herbert Blau (to be published by Macmillan) under the title *The Impossible Theatre.* It is the story of idealistic ambition, strain, discouragement, renewal and quixotic persistence. Serious theatre work in our country can be achieved only at the cost of personal hardship and dogged effort. Stamina resembling folly is indispensable. It may also be fun for the proud, the disoriented, the single-minded and the strong. In such enterprises the normally easy-going and practically well-adjusted are most often the "rats" who abandon ship.

At present the Actor's Workshop commands a permanent company of about thirty-five (beside part-time adherents), a company that is resolved to remain permanent. The main body of actors do not take their participation in the Workshop pro-

The Power

Look at your arm
with all its roads of blood.
What travels down them
to become a deed?

Dilys Laing

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gram as a "showcase" for Hollywood or Broadway. (When will New Yorkers and others realize that New York is a province?) A number of the actors — very few of them native to San Francisco — have been at the Workshop for more than five years. Will the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre be able to develop such a company? Not, I venture to say, for some time. And without the formation of its own *esprit de corps* — faith, technique and style — the creation of a theatre is barely possible. The Actor's Workshop is at the moment almost the only American organization that has embraced its community and settled down to its own work as an independent artistic unit.

The Workshop's greatest successes in the past have been *The Birthday Party* (Pinter), *The Balcony, Waiting for Godot, The Crucible* (Miller). The plays being prepared for next season are Pinter's *The Caretaker*, Williams' *The Night of the Iguana*, Webster's *The White Devil*, Aristophanes' *The Birds, The Taming of the Shrew* and a new American play. Seven new productions are presented each season, formerly in repertory arrangement, now for a run of about five weeks. The aim has been to keep the theatre active most of the year.

The Workshop's public and actors have become so used and partisan to plays of the aesthetic "Left" (Genet, Pinter, Beckett, et al.) that when plays like Shaw's *Major Barbara* or Anouilh's *Becket* are done, worry is expressed that the organization may be going "square"!

The directors are talented. Besides the two leaders, new directors are being developed (one of them is an actor in the company). There are also guest directors: Alan Schneider staged a new American play some time ago, and next season Carl Weber of the Berliner Ensemble will put on Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*.

The rehearsals I saw of *The Balcony* (now being "revived" under Blau's direction) reveal an individual and imaginative approach to the play. Blau is an intellectual, which in no way prevents his having lively production ideas. What I particularly liked about the scenes I saw rehearsed was the assured treatment of the specifically erotic aspects of the play, which in most productions I am familiar with were veiled as much as possible so that the audience might not suspect Genet of being merely "sensational" — hence no artist!

The *Galileo* — also directed by Blau — is one of the few successful "un-Brechtian" productions of that master's plays. Blau's production has a kind of vigor — perhaps I should say "punch" — which does not belie the play's intention, or fail to preserve its innate hauteur. For what so many directors of Brecht's plays overlook is the elegance, the aristocracy, of his manner. There is an elevation and grandeur in most of the later Brecht that is closer to the classic tradition than to the contemporary. He is never dry or pedestrian; his work for all its down-to-earth "factualism" has breeding and grandeur. The Moscow *Threepenny Opera*, for instance, has a Russian gusto and warmth but lacks something of the subtle refinement which dwells within that work's raffishness.

The Workshop's *Galileo* is designed with distinction in a style influenced by the most modern schools of art. Various San Francisco sculptors and painters were invited to contribute individual costumes and props, most of which add sharp notes of interest to the production. The company's acting has a certain unschooled roughness without awkwardness or self-consciousness. It is intelligent acting, full-bodied, confident and forthright.

At a first quick glance at the company I am reminded of Blake's aphorism (perhaps inaccurately remembered), "If the fool will persist in his folly he shall become wise."

Second Impressions

REVIEW OF PAPERBACKS

Robert M. Wallace

EXISTENTIALISM

Humanistic Existentialism: The Literature of Possibility by Hazel E. Barnes (University of Nebraska Press, $1.95). In an attempt to clarify, and in a sense to justify, the psychological and philosophical uniqueness of an important body of existentialist writing, Miss Barnes undertakes a critical analysis of the creative work of Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir and Albert Camus. She identifies this new literature as "the literature of possibility" because it recognizes values and motives not found in typical naturalistic and psychoanalytic contexts. Here is a dimension of freedom or possibility, where personality structure of the individual derives from human action under the aegis of choice rather than from some intrinsic natural substance or psychic tendency. Thus, man becomes what he does, not what he is; existence is his frame of freedom, and his decisions are the actualization of particular possibility. Miss Barnes maintains generally that the "new" literature exemplifies this humanistic-existential motif. More specifically, she shows in detailed analysis that the fictional beings in the works of Sartre, de Beauvoir and Camus represent dramatically the truly human predicament of the existential "either/or": that is, a man must live in good or bad faith, according to whether he chooses to accept the inevitability of his own and others' freedom or to erect false structures to hide from it.

(*The foregoing is kindly provided by J. B. McMinn, Assistant Professor of Philosophy, University of Alabama.*)

MUSIC AND THE ARTS

The Meaning of the Blues (originally *Blues Fell This Morning*) by Paul Oliver (Collier, 95c). Three hundred and fifty blues with narrative and explanatory links (no music) under eleven themes in American Negro life; record and book lists.

Great American Folk Songs, Jim Morse, editor (Dell, 50c). Miscellaneous favorites with melodies, guitar chords, brief notes and lists.

An English Song Book, Noah Greenberg, editor (Anchor, $1.45). Forty-seven carefully edited liturgical, popular religious and secular songs, chiefly from Tudor books; music and words arranged for part singing.

Verdi Librettos (Anchor, $1.95). Close, new line-by-line translations by William Weaver of *Rigoletto, Otello* and three other operas. English texts face the original and are designed for study with music.

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Hough (University of Nebraska Press, $1.50). A forceful, often persuasive, conservative attack on much imagist doctrine and practice, with other essays on the nineties and later.

Georgian London by John Summerson (Pelican, $1.65). The taste, economics and personalities involved in the growth of London, 1714-1830; a meaty, absorbing study of urban dynamics, heavily illustrated.

Also: *Medieval and Renaissance Florence* by Ferdinand Schevill (Harper & Row, 2 vols., $1.75 ea.). *The Art of the Italian Renaissance: A Handbook for Students and Travellers* by Heinrich Wölfflin (Schocken, $2.45). *Landscape, Portrait, Still-Life* by Max F. Friedländer (Schocken, $2.75).

Biography

Samuel Johnson by Joseph Wood Krutch (Harcourt, Brace & World, $2.95). The best balanced, most scholarly recent full-scale life of Johnson, warmly real and readable.

The Sunset of the Splendid Century by W. H. Lewis (Anchor, $1.45). A graceful and substantial representation of a whole period through the story of Louis XIV's lame, unhappily married bastard son, the Duc du Maine.

Also: *My Life in Court* by Louis Nizer (Pyramid, 95c). *Famous Trials: Oscar Wilde* by H. Montgomery Hyde (Penguin, 85c). *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave*, written by himself (Dolphin, 95c).

Miscellaneous

Philosophy A to Z, Music, Anthropology and *Non-Christian Religions* (Grossett & Dunlap, $2.50 ea.), translations and adaptations of the Fischer Lexikon, inaugurate a promising series of perhaps twenty reference volumes. The German originals are highly respected, and these versions are careful and frequently expanded or brought up to date. Thus several articles are added to the Philosophy volume, prepared under direction of James Gutmann, former head of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia University. Four useful appendixes are added to the Music volume under Jack Sacher's editorship. New bibliographies and large indexes in all make the comprehensive articles useful for detailed reference as well as consecutive reading.

The Quiet Battle: Writings on the Theory and Practice of Non-Violent Resistance, Mulford Q. Sibley, editor (Anchor, $1.45). An extensive anthology with analytical comments arguing that well-planned passive resistance, though difficult and revolutionary as a method, is now more promising than force in both domestic and international contexts.

Partnership for Progress: A Program for Transatlantic Action by Pierre Uri, Preface by Henry Cabot Lodge (Harper & Row, $1.25). First report of the Atlantic Institute, aimed at stimulating discussion which could lead to agreements among the North American and West European nations on economic and monetary issues.

The Unadjusted Man by Peter Viereck (Capricorn, $1.85). An updated expansion of Emerson's argument in "The American Scholar," generally incisive, sometimes crotchety, but relevant and illuminating.

Wealth Against Commonwealth by Henry Demarest Lloyd; Thomas C. Cochran, editor (Prentice-Hall, $2.25). A classic account (abridged) of the oil interests' method of gaining monopoly; the introduction analyzes Lloyd's antitrust approach and compares business leaders' techniques now and in the nineties.

The Birth of Britain by Winston S. Churchill (Bantam, $1.25). Volume I of his *History of the English-Speaking Peoples.*

A Vacation Shelf

Bid Me to Live by H. D. (Evergreen, $1.95). A carefully wrought novel of English artists and intellectuals (including D. H. and Frieda Lawrence as the Fredericks) during the First World War.

The Case of Comrade Tulayev by Victor Serge (Anchor, $1.45). A Trotskyite's fictional analysis of the conditions and motives behind the Stalin purge, with an excellent new introduction by John P. Roche.

Also: *Hotel Splendide* by Ludwig Bemelmans, with Bemelman's sketches (Viking, $1.35). *The Good Soldier Schweik* by Jaroslav Hasek (Signet, 75c). *Oblomov* by Ivan Goncharov (Signet, 95c). *The English in England* and *In the Vernacular: The English in India*, short stories by Rudyard Kipling; Randall Jarrell, editor (Anchor, $1.25 ea.). *The New Grub Street* by George Gissing; Irving Howe, editor (Riverside, $1.35). *Japanese Short Stories*, Ryunosuke Akutagawa, editor (Avon, 75c). *Northwest Passage* and *Lydia Bailey* by Kenneth Roberts (Crest, 95c ea.). *Uhuru* by Robert Ruark (Crest, 95c). *The Mouse on the Moon* by Leonard Wibberley (Bantam, 50c).

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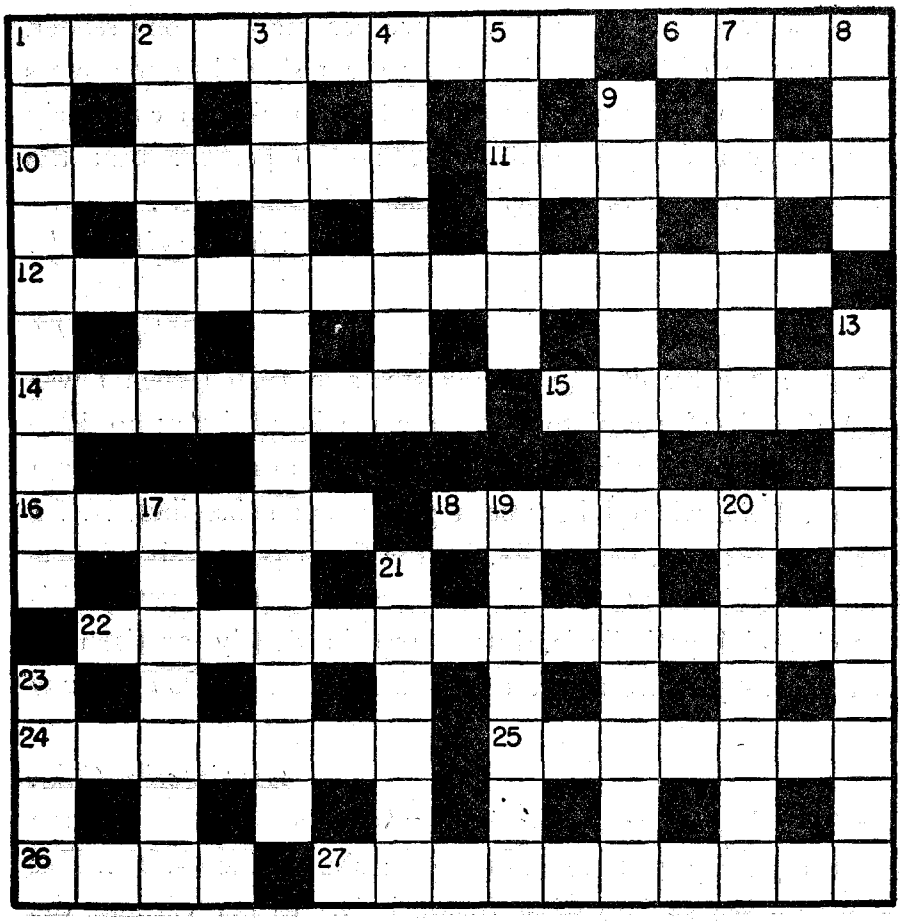
Crossword Puzzle No. 1021

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 This marks the last word in voice communication. (4, 3, 3)
6 It's encouraging if one does obtain a function of beta! (4)
10 This general had quite a lot to do with the government of France.
11 Would one probably have files for a finger? (7)
12 Garden variety of fowl? Hardly! (4, 2, 8)
14 Transmitting again? You would never catch 12 doing it! (8)
15 Makes sense, in a manner of speaking, for a religious man to dine. (4, 2)
16 Do cues enable you to make money, one way or another? (6)
18 How O. Henry introduced himself in the business. (8)
22 Timid sets never could be so entertaining. (14)
24 Some people certainly lay it on thick! (7)
25 Character associated with the back room? (7)
26 Children commonly found on hand. (4)
27 Did they reign at the same time as the 10 when generally referred to? (10)

DOWN:

1 Put too much work on the countermelody? (10)
2 Some people give an extra fifty with such charm. (7)
3 From then on, a very sad novel! (7, 7)
4 Used when one cleans and puts in order. (4, 3)
5 Poor, when on your own? At least you have more than one place to sleep! (6)
7 Banged by Gilbert's peers. (7)
8 How to approach the runway with a certain type of dancer? (4)
9 Like Robin's men? In a few words, a woman's finger has to be. (6, 8)
13 A rope is not to be tangled, when it comes to getting things done!
17 An accent might be like the crew is. (7)
19 One who is close comes around to act like a miscreant. (7)
20 Climbers climb on it. (7)
21 How to soothe a dangerous physical condition? (6)
23 Stick, but just barely, to one color.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1020

ACROSS: 1 Paternity suit; 9 and 14 Elder statesman; 10 Macedonia; 11 Alludes; 12 Trapeze; 13 Dines; 16 Erstwhile; 18 Manet; 19 Stimson; 21 Command; 22 Nectarine; 23 Outre; 24 Sweet nothings. DOWN: 1 Poet and Peasant; 2 Tidelands; 3 Reredos; 4 Iambs; 5 Yacht race; 6 Undrape; 7 Tinge; 8 Maternity dress; 14 Scientist; 15 Manhattan; 17 Wastage; 18 Mammoth; 20 Incas; 21 Credo.

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Franklin Merriman, Jr.

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